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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, August 25, 1933 | Number Twenty Nine

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

It seems that, prior to a recent meeting of the Council another Assistant Fire Chief was appointed with a suitable raise in salary, all at the sole expense of the taxpayer."

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This probably makes us the most "Chieftainest" fire city in the world.

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Since we have so many Chiefs and half-Chiefs and quarter-Chiefs, etc., might it be out of place to suggest that we may now, with a reasonable degree of safety, return the one we borowed back to Portland from whense he came? Of course, with our thanks to that City.

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Certainly it would deprive us—and particularly the Richmond Chamber of Commerce—of the gorgeous spectacle of our Chief, all decked out in gilt and gold, stuck o'er with baubles and hung around with strings, ride with folded arms, in his bright red auto with his chauffer, (all at the sole cost and expense of the taxpayer), thru the streets of our City, with all the pomp and circumstance that could have attended the Kaiser in the days of his greatest glory. I am persuaded that had the Kaiser seen our Chief before the great war he would have dispaired of rivaling him and resigned his job and began sawing wood at Doorn long ago—thus saving millions of lives.

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I can well understand that this suggestion will not meet with the approval of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce for what would that organization do when it wanted to put on one of its pageants without the splendid addition of our Fire Chief? This organization will probably shudder at the very suggestion.

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If we must part with the Chief I would suggest that, if any of his bright trappings which his heart seems to glory in and yearn for is the property of the City, it be given to him, and that his brass buttons be polished to a supreme brightness.

Notice of Organization.

NOTICE of the Permanent Organization of the Point Richmond Chamber of Commerce of which Lee Windrem is the self-appointed and self-styled secretary by his own authority.

Know All Men By These Presents, Greeting:
The PURPOSES of this organization are as follows:

1. Never to solicit or accept any donations from the city council.
2. Never to charge any membership fees.
3. Never to allow any additional taxes to be levied on the bent backs of the taxpayers of our city.
4. Never to allow any banquets "at the sole cost and expense of the city," even at Uncle Ed's hotel. In the event, however, it should be determined by a minority vote that a banquet IS necessary then and then only will it be the rule that each member must bring his own knife, fork, and plate, wait upon himself, and wash his own dishes.
5. Never at any meeting for any member to be caught approaching Brother Parr in a tune of whisper, nor Scott, nor Mrs. Chandler, nor Bull, nor Jack Galvin.
6. Never to indulge in any pageants, even if Sheriff Veale leads the parade or Fire Chief Cooper does his stunt.
7. Never to allow any member at meetings to crack a joke which is over 75 years old or has whiskers that can be walked on.
8. Never will we be guilty of endorsing resolutions such as opposing entrance of the Great Northern or any other railroad into our State
9. Never will we employ a publicity agent; and, if any applies, he does so at his own peril.
10. Never to issue a semi-annual report similar to that which appeared for the Richmond C. of C. in July, 1929, (Cf. Point Richmond Progress, 23rd Number, July 14, 1933).

Now, having considered the above 10 purposes, let us consider the PENALTY for violation thereof:

"Any of our members culprit, found guilty, shall be sentenced to read and explain intelligently ANY ad or report published by The Richmond Chamber of Commerce or Mr. Parr at our next clambake. Realizing this is imposing an impossibility upon the defendant, if he comes through and is acquitted then we decorate him with our emblem.

Now, just what is our EMBLEM?

Answer: "A small, round, yellow vessel with three white stripes around it and a handle. This is our NAVY; and the construction cost does not exceed ten cents."

The Point Chamber is also proud to announce that we have an ARMY, temporarily borrowed from the Bull Durham Company.

A bull is a bull, but there's pedigreed bulls.
You've got a bull, but we've got one, too.

The fighting qualities of our Point Richmond Chamber of Commerce are best exemplified in the emblem of our army—the bull—and we hereby CHALLENGE the Richmond C. of C., Mr. Parr, his bull, or any other bull in the world to meet our bull in mortal combat—and "damned be he that first cries: 'Hold! Enough'!"

THE POINT RICHMOND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

MIGHTY HUNTER RETURNS FROM DEER TRIP

Our mighty nimrod, Fred Brewen, for the first time in 150 years, returned from his hunting trip without any evidence of success. Poor Fred! According to the report of Police Inspector Oliver Wylie and the other companions, Jack Chasseur, Henry Gallo, Candy Garabaldi, Jack and Chauncey Caswell, they beat the brush for miles around Bell Spring trying to drive a deer on Fred, and the only one they were able to scare up was sick with tuberculosis and fell down within fifteen feet of the muzzle of Fred's gun, after Fred had shot at and missed him seventeen times.

Knowing then that Fred was harmless, the deer struggled to his feet, staggered, laid his head in Fred's lap (before Fred could get out of the way) and finished dying.

First Methodist

A reception will be held tonight at the First Methodist Church for Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Dennett, who will be the pastor for the coming year. A good program has been arranged, and all are invited.

The First Methodist Ladies Aid will meet next Friday, September 1st. Election of officers. Mrs. T. Weston is now president.

First Sunday in September will be rally day for the Sunday School.

POINT RICHMOND RESIDENTS PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

Dr. C. M. Nellsen, our dentist; Mrs. R. G. Lee, president of the Social Service Bureau; Gust J. Allyn, men's wear dealer; and Pete Robbiano, Standard hotel man; as well as the Democratic Picnic Committee have favored Point Richmond's baby industry — the Progress Press, printing division of the Progress—with several fine printing orders. Let the good work continue, folks, and if you need calling cards letterheads, billheads, calendars, blotters, wedding or birth announcements, or anything else in the line of black or color on paper let us serve your need. The phone number is 3456, the address, 140 Washington Avenue.

Progress Hears From Jim Arnold

Through a personal letter to his friend, Lee D. Windrem, our former police chief, Jim Arnold, has provided this paper with two splendid photographs of an edifice which challenges the supremacy of Old Man Teale's backhouse, mentioned in our Victory Edition. Jim sends two views: three-quarter and rear, and we thank you a million, Jim, and may you rapidly recover at Mineral so that you can soon come back to your important position with the Standard Oil Company.

City Council Cuts Tax Rate Only One Cent!

Like Thomas Jefferson who had an indestructible confidence in the faith of the great masses of the common people, the Progress feels that it is carrying out the undying principles of that Great American when it makes a fearless fight for the rights of the overburdened taxpayers of Richmond.

We regret that the present city council, in whom we have had great hopes, has failed us in its most important duty of the whole year. By their action in fixing the tax rate at $2.21---a reduction of a paltry ONE CENT under that of last year---at a time when governing bodies all over the nation are slashing tax rates right and left, indicates a lack of courage to meet the issue at hand.

The Progress is naturally crestfallen in our first defeat---when victory would have meant so much for the betterment of Richmond. Crestfallen, but not discouraged! As long as our hundreds of taxpayer subscribers continue to look confidently to us for leadership we shall not fail. And, if we are right, and because we are right, we CAN NOT FAIL!

Recapitulation	City Budget	Progress Budget
General Government	$ 56,025.00	$ 35,840.00
Protection to Person and Property	209,490.00	188,410.00
Conservation of Health	8,970.00	8,970.00
Sanitation	23,780.00	16,975.00
Highways	93,530.00	93,530.00
Charities	7,800.00	7,800.00
Recreation	20,985.00	20,985.00
Harbor	16,060.00	none
Bond Interest & Redemption	159,500.00	159,500.00
Library and Schools	25,920.00	25,920.00
Total	$622,070.00	$557,940.00
Less Receipts Other Than Taxes	49,150.00	49,150.00
Amount to be Raised by Taxes	$572,920.00	$508,790.00
Tax Rate per $100.00	$ 2.22	$ 1.96

ARMAGEDDON.

By HARRY R. BURT With Apologies to Abraham Lincoln.

Four and twenty years ago our fathers brought forth in htis county a new city, conceived by real estate agents and dedicated to the proposition that a leading industrial city can be developed here.

Now we are engaged—in milking the city trasury for hot air ads that are not needed; in placing, sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts on the city payroll; in giving away harbors for a bunch of hooey; and in bending the servile knee to the so-called powers that be who use our city for their own ends. Now our city council is engaged (last Monday night's meeting) in buying in hundreds of city lots for deliquent taxes—and if this keeps up long enough our city officials will have to pay themselves out of their own taxes.

We are met on a great battlefield—the Progress is dedicated to the great task before us—to be of some help in cutting down taxes so that industries may have something to come here for except hot air and hooey; and so that the great daily caravan of our industrial workers along Cutting Boulevard can be stopped before it reaches the city limits instead of continuing on to East Bay communities which have lower taxes and lower rents.

We will take the jibes and insults and the varied appellations heaped upon us by those whose fat toes are getting stepped upon—and we shall not have labored in vain—if this city shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from Richmond!

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO....

K. R. Kingsbury, Pres. Standard Oil Co. of Calif.—BECAUSE he stood out for the NRA Plan, even disagreeing with President Walter Teagle of the New Jersey Standard Company. All California should be proud of Kingsbury.

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Dr. C. L. Abbott, Pt. Richmond—BECAUSE he is one of the outstanding physicians of this state, is a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners and will come up for reappointment by Governor Rolph soon.

"Buy in Point Richmond Stores and Help Bring Back Point Richmond Prosperity."

Point Richmond Sewing Club

The Point Sewing Club will meet today at the home of Mrs. E. J. Dingle, 46 Idaho, 12:30 p. m.

Henry Sirrenburg and Bill Schmidt, those two old cronies, visited in Santa Rosa Saturday.

FORLORN ISLAND

By Edison Marshall

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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescripts. A gigantic Pole, Sandomar, is their leader. At the request of Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric Ericssen, holding master's papers, but unemployed, engages to sail as chief officer. Nan, attracted by Eric, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of love for each other. The Intrepid is wrecked. Eric takes command of a small boat, with Horton's party. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Waymire and leave the ship with his crowd. Waymire has thrown Eric a revolver. From one of the Aleut Indians, ashore, who speaks a little English, Eric learns there is no communication with the outside world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, also knowing some English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, cows him for the time, declaring he is the law, and lays out work for all. Eric's love for Nan, first felt on the Intrepid, swells, and he tells her he means to win her for his mate. She is not unwilling. Fireheart claims Eric as her own, to his dismay. Defending himself from Sandomar and his crony "Garge," Eric's revolver apparently misfires, but his assailants flee. Eric finds the revolver is rim-fire, while five of its six cartridges are center-fire. He has one cartridge with which to protect his party from Sandomar and his brutes. "Swede," one of the gang, makes an attempt on his life. He sees his one cartridge, killing "Swede," but is left defenseless, though for the time master of the situation. Fireheart claims his love, making threats. Her threats culminate in an attempt on Nan's life. Eric saves her, but Fireheart refuses proffered forgiveness and friendship.

CHAPTER VII—Continued
—10—

"I'm going too. I won't slow you up—and I'm afraid to stay alone."

A moment later they were striding across the moors. Nan seemed fired by the flint of his will; nothing mattered in the world but to arrive in time. Her little feet flew. At last they saw the cliff in grim silhouette against the moonlit sea. On its crest was a minute black form—it might be no more than an odd-shaped stone. As they hurried nigh it grew incredibly in stature. It was Anulga, rising from his knees to lift both arms in supplication to the gods of the winds.

There was no hope of seizing him unawares. He stood on the very summit, an immense granite crag whose hoary brow overhung the sea. It seemed best to advance silently until they could speak to him in quiet tones, then somehow distract his attention from his sacrificial rite until they could steal nearer and take his hand.

"I am not asleep—I am not dead—I am alive," they heard him chant. Then there followed an earnest invocation Eric could not translate; no doubt an entreaty to the old gods of the wind and sea, the spirits that made the birds fly and the salmon run, to take this humble failing life of his in the stead of the new-given life denied them today.

The two intruders had now crept to the base of the rock on which the patriarch stood. "Anulga," Eric called quietly.

His chanting stopped in the middle of a note. He grunted an inquiry.

Eric thanked his stars for his few Aleut words and idioms. "Stay where you are. We would make parley."

The reply was an excited outburst at the top of the thin voice. There was a kind of tragic dignity in his sweeping gestures and erect white head; the moonlight showed his eye-sockets like black fissures in his drawn face.

"Go on up slowly," Eric muttered to Nan. "It's our only hope now. Maybe I can keep him talking till we get our hands on him."

But Anulga's spirit was already running to meet his gods. Stronger hands than Eric's seemed to clasp his own. As the two palefaces peered over the rim, he backed toward the void.

Nan's heart was suffocating, so she clung to the ledge, but Eric sprang for the crest. She saw him risk his own neck as he wrenched over the rim, his hand snatching for Anulga's parka.

He was too late. "Kou-yudam Agougon" the old man wailed, invoking his heathen gods. "Achidan Agougou!" Then, with a triumphant shout that echoed and trembled among the crags, he sprang into the sea.

Dark water leaped high and drifted down in a nebulous cloud. Eric stood peering over the brink; everything went black before Nan's eyes as she expected him to attempt a rescue. But it would only be suicide—and the old island gods had their due already.

"Poor old chap," he murmured. Then he turned back, and reaching a hand to Nan, drew her up beside him.

Long moments passed before they remembered words. They listened to the sullen roar of the surf, the long splashings of the waves against the rock; they watched the shimmering path of the moon across the sea. . . . They were infinitely alone.

"I'm almost glad we didn't win," Eric whispered at last. "You saw it from the first, didn't you? Your sensibilities are far finer than mine—I could see only my own side. Anulga's time was almost up, anyway. Next winter would probably finish him, slow decay, at last a rattle in his throat, and his old bones thrust in the sea-caves. As it is, he went with Agougou's hand on his shoulder, and the flush of glory on his face."

"Better than that. He died for his tribe—a hero's death. It was an illusion, of course, but a fool's faith is better than no faith at all. . . . I didn't use to understand that, but I do now."

Eric gazed far off. "And a fool's love—is better than no love at all, isn't it?"

He reached for her hand. His touch seemed to complete an electric circuit. His head bent, and she saw his hair blowing in the wind as he slowly, gently kissed her fingers.

It was a token of surrender, his second tonight. A few minutes before he had bowed down to the stern destiny that exacted an old man's life in payment for a moment's exultation of his soul. Now he bent his head again—to his own hard-bargaining fate as it moved through Nan. He would no longer haggle over the price. He would risk all, give all, for one deep breath of mountain air, one rocket-rush to the stars.

"I've tried to deny it until now," he said gravely. "I was afraid I could never win you, so I didn't dare love you. I knew how it would be with me—you did too. If it once took hold of me, it would never let me go. It would follow me always."

Nan smiled dimly. This was so. Steadfastness, loyalty, unfaltering idealism were the watch-cries of this strong man's life. To one woman only could he surrender, and to her he must give everything.

"Now I've got to love you, whether I win you or not," he went on. "You've made me, with your beauty—and your bravery—and just you."

Nan's hand clutched his. "Are you sure, Eric?"

He smiled dimly. "Do you think I could be mistaken—now?"

"I want to hear you say it, in plain words. Maybe then I'll know my own heart."

He drew both her hands against his breast. "I love you, Nan," he told her quietly. "I will always love you."

She looked long into his eyes. At last she shook her head, baffled. "It hasn't come to me. It's all so strange—this place—the moon—the old man's body rolling in the water—you and I standing here, mud to our knees—our hands grimy—wearing parkas of seal-hide. . . . It's glorious and terrible and impossible, all at once. It can't last. I've got to go back!"

"You mean—go back again to your own world?"

"It's certain in the end. This is all just a dream that we'll wake up from sometime, on the deck of another yacht—or an ocean liner. Then we'll have to part. You wouldn't share my life, would you? I wouldn't want you to, I'd feel that I was keeping a polar bear in a fountain. You've got to stay in your element—the sea—the snow."

"Yes, but you could share my life. You could come with me."

She shook her head doubtfully. "I'm afraid I couldn't. I don't think I've got it in me, the fighting heart. I don't think I have the will power to take a rough road, just for the sake of the thrill, when there's a smooth one open. I'm a great hand for synthetic thrills." Her tone grew bitter. "The real thing scares me out."

"Is this the real thing?" His arm stole about her shoulders, pressed her close, and his lips mastered hers.

The sea seemed to rise over the crags and sweep her gently away, but it was warm as blood, and the swing of its wave was ecstasy. Her arms began to steal about him, her lips clung, then, with a spasm in her breast, she wrenched free.

"It was too real," she told him, gasping. "And I'm more afraid than ever."

"You must never be afraid of life, sweetheart. Or of love."

She mused a long time, then shook her head.

"I won't be afraid of love—when it comes," she said staunchly. "But it hasn't come to me yet, and I don't think it ever will come, on this island."

"Were you near it—just now?"

"It all came from your heart, not mine. Perhaps I'm too fond of Roy. And Eric—I'm afraid I'll never know for certain until we're back in civilization."

"It's now or never for me." He drew a deep breath, and his voice resounded like a low gong among the crags. "Well, I'll keep on trying."

Her eyes lighted, her lips curled dimly. "After all I've said?"

"What you've said only makes me spread a little more canvas." He caught both her hands in a strong grip. "Nan, do you think I'm going to take down the flag and run back to port? I'm sailing on! I'm going 'round the horn! I'll not stop till I'm sunk! And by G—d, if the breeze holds, I'm going to win through!"

CHAPTER VIII

IT WAS September and still summer on Forlorn island. The fur seals had finished their rut and hauled back to the deep; the hunters speared an occasional straggler as the herd wheeled southward. The sea-birds circled endlessly over the cliffs, uttering troubled cries. Roy's deep mind conceived how to make practical use of their swift wings. By careful work with the traps and nets, some twenty birds of different species were taken alive, unhurt. For each Eric provided a water-tight tube of quill, to be bound to the flyer's leg. And now, at last, Horton's checkbook and fountain pen might come into their own.

The ink in the pen had dried, but by adding water, he achieved a pale, legible script. On the backs of twenty checks, he wrote finely:

"Survivors of the Intrepid are marooned in Davy Jones shoals north of Ignak island. There is a pass in from the North. Notify authorities.

"Felix Horton."

It seemed a fantastic idea—here on this lost reef so far from the marts—yet when they looked deeper, they found it shrewd and sound. Horton prepared the checks and carefully tore them out, one by one. His face glowed. It was the happiest hour of his exile, and as Nan watched him she did not know why her tear ducts smarted and burned. He was like a child playing with toys.

Finally he had only three checks left. He counted and fingered them, then returned the book to his pocket. He could not part with these. They were the symbol of his lost eminence. "I may need these, to buy our way out of here," he said, huskily.

His friends nodded, but made no comment.

"At best, we can't expect to hear from it till next spring," Roy said. "Even if one of the messages could be found next month, there'd be long delays before our friends could be convinced that it wasn't a hoax, and

"I Am Not Asleep—I Am Not Dead—I Am Alive."

a rescue expedition organized. There'd be handwriting experts, legal difficulties, and then the long search for the pass."

"So we may as well resign ourselves to a winter on Forlorn island," Nan said quietly.

"There's no help for that now," Eric told her.

The girl's look grew dreamy as she glanced from Eric to Roy, and back again.

* * * * * * *

Beyond the northern horizon there were wars and rumors of wars, but Forlorn island could expect peace until the end of September. The smoke from the cooking fire made a straight, round pillar to the blue. Even the seabirds darted and screamed no more, but flew in slow circles, like vultures, high over the cliffs.

"I don't like it, and I don't know why," Eric told her, as they stood on the silent beach. "The Old North hasn't quit us, you can bet on that, and I believe she has something up her sleeve."

Nan pointed to the billowing edge of a green cloud just emerging above the northern sky line. "Is that the sign?"

Almost before Eric could turn his head, the cloud was noticeably larger. It seemed to grow and swell with magic swiftness. There was not yet a breath of air, yet the dark sea was wrinkled all over like an old Aleut's face. The air began to crackle.

"The boorga," Eric told her. He did not know why he used the mystical native word—implying not merely a wind approaching hurricane force, but an evil god riding its wings.

A second later the gale struck. As though on their own volition, the waves leaped to meet it. Instantly all Nan's and Eric's world passed away in a roaring chaos of blown sand, spindrift, and foam.

Eric took Nan's hand, and bending low, plowed through the wall of wind to the village row. By a common impulse, the whole populace of the isle began to assemble before the kashga.

Eric found Chechaquo, and spoke in his ear, "All here?"

Chechaquo glanced from face to face. "Think so. No can tell."

"No men out fishing?"

"Men here. Squaws here, too. No can count children."

"Tell families to get together, take count."

Chechaquo moved from man to man, shouting Eric's order, but they only stared in dull terror. Yet the command sunk in at last; the squaws began to mill through the crowd, yelling, gesticulating, and collecting their own.

Eric's fears had began to pass when an inert figure at the outskirts suddenly came to life with a guttural, agonized cry. It was a squaw named Chugalim (Good Fur) mother of a considerable brood.

Eric sped toward her, but at first she was incoherent with terror. He could catch only one word—Chikak. This was the name of Chugalim's ten-year-old daughter.

Chechaquo listened to the woman's cries with a look of doom. "Chikak—she gone," he interpreted dully.

"Where?" Eric demanded, almost shaking the man.

"Know little islet off West cape?"

Eric knew it well. It was little more than a big sand spit, partly grown to sedge. "Good G—d, man! Not there!"

"She take little kayak, paddle out in bay, around cape, dig clams in sand. No come back."

This was just the kind of accident Eric had feared. The Aleut children were always playing in the little one-hatch canoes, on calm days exploring the rocks and sand-islets, on both sides of the harbor. He turned and raised his arm in a sweeping gesture, and with the whole populace at his heels, sped down the high narrow headland. In a moment he stood where the waves pounced roaring, and drew back, gazing with narrowed, strained eyes into the storm.

The low sandy ridge still stood well out of the waves. Occasionally billows broke over it, but they had already spent their power on the shelving sands, and only white foam leaped across. On the highest point stood a small, dark figure, bracing against the wind. It was Chikak, her arms crossed before her face to shut out the sight of her approaching doom.

There was a strange travail in Eric's breast. Nan's eyes were on his face, and she saw it go white as the foam at his feet. Yet it was not the pallor of terror; it seemed to be the clear radiance of some grim, almost terrible exultation. She had thought she knew him, after these long months; suddenly she realized that his sea-soul had depths she had never fathomed. And he had cheated her, too. He had not given her all his love and worship, but had held back a share for his pagan gods. His mother, the old Ocean, claimed him yet, and he would cast off Nan's arms to answer his mother's call.

He turned to Chechaquo and his voice cut through the wave-crash like a seal-spear hurled from the throwing stick. "Take all the hunters and sprint to the landing," he ordered. "Get a two—no, a three-hatch kayak. Make them carry it on their shoulders straight across the headland. You carry the paddles, and crack their heads if they don't run!"

Chechaquo rallied the hunters; in a moment they had vanished in the murk.

"What are you going to do?" Roy demanded.

"We're going after the child."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP, (limit 5) ..... 5 bars 14c
COFFEES, I. G. A., "T" Blend ..... lb. 25c
COFFEES, I. G. A., "G" Blend ..... lb. 23c
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N. R. A. - We do Our Part

O. E. S. Party to Decoto

Our good subscriber, Mrs. J. P. Smith, 33 Nevada, who is Acting Worthy Matron of the Eastern Star journeyed Sunday, in company with Mrs. James Williams, Mrs. Joe Bottoms, and Bessie Eggert to the Annual Picnic given at the Decoto Home last Sunday.

The Progress wishes to thank Mrs. Smith for her offer to phone in news for our Point paper, and will appreciate news from any other progressive residents of Point Richmond — the home of beautiful women and valiant men!

Natural History

Natural history, today the commonplace knowledge of nearly everybody, was held to be, in the distant past, worse than a hobby, and there is record of an attempt to shut up as a lunatic a titled Englishwoman because she was in the habit of collecting and studying moths and butterflies.

C. C. Collins, and daughter, Hazel, Crest Avenue, have returned from a splendid vacation in Oregon.

Sharpers Sell Attila's Grave

Gullible persons in Austria are lured to buy the legendary grave of Attila, who conquered Rome in the Fifth century, which is supposed to be filled with treasures. One recent "discoverer" of the grave sold it to a wealthy widow for $75,000.

Mrs. J. C. Feudner and grandson, Carl Edward Feudner, are in Sacramento visiting with relatives.

ROOM FOR RENT—1 or 2 men, with ($32.50) or without board. Mrs. E. Elsworth, 74 Terrace Ave., Pt. Richmond.

Georgia's Size

Georgia, with an area of more than 59,000 square miles, is the largest state east of the Mississippi river Florida is second.

Election of "Miss Democracy"

The Progress will participate in the fascinating event of the election of "Miss Democracy" of Contra Costa County, which will be decided at the picnic on Sunday, September 20, at La Honda Bowl. The young lady who receives the highest number of votes will receive a lovely hope chest, and other prizes will be given to the other young ladies participating.

All that is necessary is to use the nominating coupon printed in this paper, for 5,000 votes, and our readers will have the privilege of casting 100 votes through other coupons published in the Progress.

BIG AND HUSKY...

... Haul out the gaff and the measuring tape . . the BIG BASS are biting.

The Bridge tenders will tell you where

Don't forget the FREE Swimming and Picnicking at Morrow Cove

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PALMATEER'S PHARMACY
134 Washington ..... Richmond 127

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CONTRA COSTA FINANCE & LOAN CO.
341 10th St. ..... Richmond 874

Feed & Fuel
JOHN EKLUND
1706 Macdonald Ave. .... Rich. 768

Men's Furnishings
G. J. ALLYN
130 Washington .... Richmond 2438

McRACKEN'S
1011 Macdonald .... Richmond 248

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LUDEWIG'S RICHMOND MARKET
510 Macdonald ..... Richmond 1900

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AL. FURRER
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Come in and avail yourself of this opportunity, and our liberal credit terms.

L. H. Schrader & Co.
320 Seventh St., Richmond
Just around the corner where our low overhead is your gain.

Ski or Skis

The plural of ski is either ski or skis. Frequently the plural is erroneously written skiis, due to the fact that the double i occurs in skiing, the present participle form.

British Museum Rule

When a specimen has been accepted for exhibition in the British museum by the trustees, it cannot afterward be taken out of the building without an act of parliament.

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AMERICAN HEROINES

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Kate Shelley

A SPLENDID steel railroad bridge crossing the Des Moines river between Boone and Ogden and about four miles north of the village of Moingona, Iowa, perpetuates the memory of a little Irish girl whose heroism some fifty years ago prevented what might have been one of the greatest railroad catastrophies in history.

Fifteen-year-old Kate Shelley lived in a mean cottage up the valley of Honey creek about half a mile from the river. And on the night of July 6, 1881, when a great storm had swollen the already high waters of the creek and river, undermining railroad embankments and loosening the pilings under the bridges, Kate knew well the danger that threatened.

At eleven o'clock an auxiliary engine used in pulling heavy trains up the grade on either side of the bridge over the Des Moines was ordered out from Moingona to await the midnight express. Anxiously Kate heard it approach, pass the Shelley cottage, start out on the bridge crossing Honey creek. There was a "horrible crash and the hissing of steam." The auxiliary engine, with four men aboard, had plunged into the swirling water.

Kate knew what she must do. She seized an old lantern and started out into the rain. Out past the creek she sped, wet to the skin, struggling with muddy sloughs and pools of water. Down to the Des Moines, where the swollen waters whirled past. There was only one way to cross that river and reach the station on the other side. Her lantern had gone out and Kate flung it away. She got down on her hands and knees and, feeling her way by the rails, started across the bridge. An occasional tie had been taken out, huge spikes left exposed, to discourage pedestrians from using it. What if the midnight train should overtake her? What if she should be too late? On and on Kate crawled, in the rain and dark. Once a huge tree, carried down by the rushing water, nearly swept her from her precarious hold.

But Kate reached the station, told her tale. The midnight express was stopped, three of the crew of the auxiliary engine were rescued. And immediately Kate Shelley became a public idol. Letters, poems, medals descended upon her, the family was rescued from debt, Kate was given two years at college. From 1903 until 1912, when she died, she was employed as station agent at Moingona.

STRIPED WOOLEN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

For the model shown, the designer plays up the stripes of a mustard and dark brown tweedy woolen to perfection. The high neckline is here considered and the capelet yoke gives the sprightly shoulder effect which has been interpreted in so many novel ways throughout recent styling. The unique plastron effect is of brown velvet. The little draped toque is of self-material, following up a mode which has been in evidence and is so well thought of, it continues on into fall.

GLOVES TO MATCH COSTUME FOR FALL

Your gloves will match your costume this fall in fabric as well as color.

If you are stepping out in a new black satin afternoon gown, you'll want black satin gloves to go with it.

And you'll be able to find them, in a satin jersey fabric that fits like the good old chamoisette, and has a surface as sleek and shiny as your gown.

Or, if you have a brown wool knitted suit, you may wear brown knit gloves, in a smooth ribbed knit fabric, not bulky, but smooth fitting and neat.

And so on.

The good old silk jersey glove is back again with a bang, and you'll find it in all the newest shades of fall—gray, eel-brown, navy, and black.

Then chamoisette, the grand old standby, is presented in new colors and perforated styles, for wear with fall clothes.

Greek Artist Exhibited Proverbial Temperament

Apelles, famous Greek painter who painted the famous Venus Rising from the Sea and the picture of Alexander holding a thunderbolt, which sold for the equivalent of $200,000, had a novel method of obtaining criticism first hand. When he completed a picture he placed it in a public place, and then hid behind it to overhear what passers-by said of it.

One case is cited in which a shoemaker, after careful scrutiny, took exception to the shoes on the main figure, and Apelles took the picture away to correct the mistake. A day or so later the same shoemaker found fault with another feature, but Apelles stepped around in front and requested him to confine his fault-finding to matters in which he was well versed.

Apelles lived in the Third century before Christ and little is known of his life. None of his paintings has survived to the present, although art lore is filled with stories of his excellence.

Songfest for Birds

The "Finkenmanoever," the annual competition of chaffinches for the songsters' championship, is held on Whitmanday in a number of towns in the Harz mountains. This custom, said to go back to Henry the Fowler, is observed in Benneckenstein, Hohegeiss, Thale, St. Andreasberg and other places—the last named the home of the world-famou "Harz rollers." The owners of chaffinches bring their birds in wooden cages, covered with white cloths. At a signal the cloths are taken off, and the bird that outsings and eventually silences the others is adjudged champion. Experts claim to be able to distinguish as many as twenty varying themes in the song of the chaffinch.

CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHAT JERRY MUSKRAT WAS DOING

DID you ever watch a house being built? Of course you have. You know, first of all a cellar is dug. You know how sewer and water pipes are laid. You must know that a lot of work is done in the ground which doesn't go into the house itself, but which is a part of the building of the house just the same.

It was this same way with Jerry Muskrat and his new house. He had a lot to do before he could build the house itself, which would rise above the surface of the water. Grandfather Frog had been right when he had said that that part of the work would be the easiest for Jerry.

First of all Jerry had to dig a sort of cellar. The mud from this he piled around him to make a sort of wall. It was really the beginning of the new house. When he had this cellar finished of course the water was quite a lot deeper there than it was around it. This was why he had to dig it. He knew that the water was so shallow around it that it would very likely freeze clear to the bottom in the winter. He didn't want that to happen under his house, or should I say inside his

First of All Jerry Had to Dig a Cellar.

house? You see that cellar really was a part of his house, I suppose. Anyway, it was the way by which he would go in and out, and so it had to be made safe. It wouldn't do to leave a chance of being frozen in. So he took pains to make it deep enough.

Then from that cellar he started a tunnel over to the bank of the Smiling Pool. It took time to dig that tunnel. When he reached the bank he kept right on, slanting up until he had reached where it was dry and where he felt sure that the spring flood would not reach unless it happened to be such an unusual flood as the one which had swept away his old house last spring. There he made a comfortable and roomy chamber wherein he would later make a nice bed of grass.

Then Jerry went back to his cellar and started another tunnel. This one he headed straight for the deepest part of the Smiling Pool, where he knew there would be water no matter how thick the ice above might be. When this was finished he dug another to the bank and another to deep water so that in case of accident to the first one, he would still have tunnels he could use. Jerry believes in being prepared.

It takes time and a lot of hard work to dig tunnels like these. It was this that Jerry was doing while Peter Rabbit was so impatiently watching for some signs of the new house above water. The bits of earth and sod which Jerry dug out he used to broaden the foundation around his cellar. And of course it was this work that made the water so muddy.

The truth is these tunnels were quite as important as the house itself. In fact, in some ways they were more important. So Jerry took great pains in digging them. He knew that the time might come when his life would depend on them. He intended that if that time did come there should be nothing wrong with those tunnels. Not until they were finished did he give much thought to the rest of the house.

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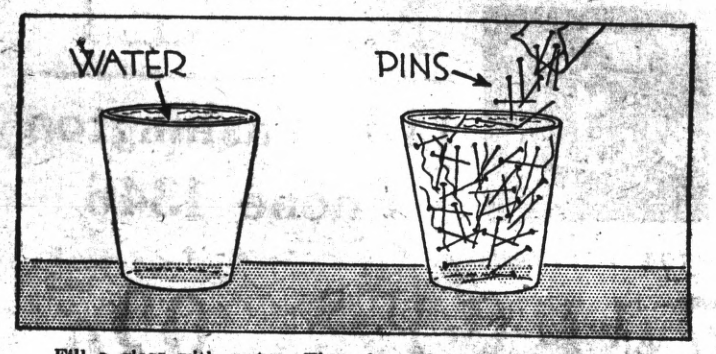
TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

HOW TO FILL GLASS TWICE WITHOUT EMPTYING FIRST CONTENTS



Fill a glass with water. Then drop about 200 pins in the water. If this is done carefully the water will not overflow and the glass will have been filled twice without emptying the first contents.

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Where Coral Is Found

Coral is found widespread on the borders and around islands of the Mediterranean sea. The most important coral fisheries extend along the coasts of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocc , but real coral is also obtained in the vicinity of Naples and on the coast of Sardinia, Corsica, Catalina and Provence. It occurs also in the North Atlantic off the northwest coast of Africa. Black coral which grows to a considerable height and thickness is found in the tropical waters off Australia.

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EASIER washdays—cleaner, whiter clothes—that's what Fels-Naptha Soap can mean to you, too. It brings you *extra* help—good golden soap and *plenty* of naptha working together to speed away dirt in jig time.

change to FELS-NAPTHA

Velvet to Surpass Its Own Record

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

FROM Paris to New York to Chicago to Hollywood, it's velvet that outstands on the fashion circuit for fall. Because of the decided emphasis placed upon this ever-beloved material in the advance style program those planning new clothes will do well to get into a velvet frame of mind from the very start.

It is not at all necessary to wait until later to wear velvet. The psychological moment is right now. You will think so yourself when you see the cunning beret, glove and capelet sets made all of velvet which are already on display in the better shops. You will not want to lose a minute in acquiring one of these intriguing ensembles for they are perfectly stunning worn with the now so-voguish midseason frocks and suits of dark linen or sheer woolen. Buy them in the color you like best, black coming first in favor, with rich autumn tones in close rivalry.

If the plans of our style creators carry through, and of course they will, velvet treated in a tailored way for wear during the daytime hours will surpass any previous record in matter of rich color and ultra chic. Just to give you a hint of things to be in a tailored way, we picture to the left of our group illustration, a really handsome specimen of a fall street coat which is finished to a nicety with quilted cording on the sleeves in groups and about the neckline where darts radiate in somewhat of a yoke effect. This is a Maggie Rouff model and this eminent couturier sees to it that the dress of handwoven silk is as "classy" as the coat which tops it.

You will notice that the collar and cape sleeves of the afternoon model, centered in the picture, are also quilted in a ribbed effect. This form of decorative treatment is going over big in newly arriving fashions. For this extraordinarily beautiful daytime wrap, which bears a Lanvin label, the designer employs lyons velvet of super quality. The little feather toque is the crowning glory of this costume.

Being of red transparent velvet the coat posed to the right tunes its color to the motif of the dress. Make a mental note of the wide rhinestone bracelet which this lady of fashion is wearing; also the imposing bar pin which enhances this effective ensemble, for they go to show the increasing importance attached to costume jewelry.

The swagger casual daytime coat of brown and beige plaid velvet of which only an above-the-waistline view is here given has its shoulders modishly squared. It fastens with a big bow tie of self-velvet. The hat shown is one of the voguish stitched velvets.

The alluring thing about the new velvets is their versatility. You can get most any sort of velvet your fancy may picture. Even uncrushable and waterproof velvets are now on the market. An outstanding novelty is a ribbed velvet with a luster-lack finish. You can imagine how stunning evening jackets and blouses and accessories such as bags, belts and collar-and-cuff sets look made of this velvet.

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Fur Dominates

Fur is dominating the latest Parisian creations as is evidenced in this "bien de chine" dress with a cape trimmed with silver fox, from Maggy Rouff.

Hobnail Buttons

Ornaments and buttons designed like hobnails are among the new dress gadgets in the Paris collections. They are replacing to a certain extent the triangular clip which has been used on dresses and bags for some time.

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The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions. VICTORY NO. 1
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

ATHENS – and Richmond!

[An Editorial by Lee D. Windrem.]

It is quite customary for us to brag and blow about how greatly we have advanced over the peoples of another and earlier day. I believe this is true of every other community in the world but Richmond --but as to this city let us quote from the life of "Themistocles" in that marvelous collection of Plutarch's Lives:

"The government of Athens at this time, about 500 B. C., [B. C. in this connection does not mean Bad Council but before the Christian era] was thoroughly democratic. All affairs of the state were disposed of in the **public assembly** which met at stated intervals. Here all officers were chosen, all laws were enacted and resolu ions adopted by the vo'e of the people. Any citizen who chose to come forward might advise his fellow-citizens from the tribune, and his influence would depend upon the clearness and force with which he could present his arguments. The great leaders of Athens were private citizens, except when they might choose to be elected to office for some special purpose."

Prior to that eventful date when Sam Ripley and Otto Ludewig and Dr. Hinkley and Mayor Johnson and George Imbach blew that archaic secret session, or Star Chamber, out of existence, I want to ask you how much farther we had progressed in civilization and freedom than John J. Stonehatchet, when he knocked his prospective bride over the head with a club and dragged her to his cave?

It seems strange at a time, two thousand and five hundred years after the above quotation from history, that any community should have to feel grateful for open meetings of their legislative representatives—but it is a sad and discouraging fact never the less.

Sic Semper Tyranus! E. Pluribus Onion!
Erin Go Bragh!

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

(Continued from Front Page)

To Our Chief: "I admit I have always had a sneaking desire to wear a lot of gold braid—and ride at the head of a circus parade, or one of those elephants with such gorgeous trappings—but I never could make the grade. True, I managed to lead a couple of those elephants in the parade and got a ticket of admission and I shall never forget the thrill and how sorry I felt for boys less fortunate. The rest of the time it was necessary for me to crawl under the tent—not always successfully.

We are not suggesting haste, you understand, but goodbye to you—and here's your hat.

Reading Aloud Has Advantages

Reading aloud may not be a popular diversion any longer, but it still possesses many good features, chief among which is the fact that it tends to make one use the ear more than the eye. Most human beings are in danger of becoming too eye-minded, as the phrase has it.

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... An ideal arrangement. Let the family revel at the finest outdoor beach resort in Northern California while you revel in the finest Bass fishing *you have ever enjoyed* . . . . .

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Skim Milk Pretty Weak

The calorie content of milk is so slight as to be negligible. Skim milk is recommended for persons who wish to reduce, as it contains no fat. Two quarts of skim milk could be consumed a day without increasing the weight.

Department of Interior

The duty of the Department of the Interior is to carry on business relating to the general land office, bureau of reclamation, Indian affairs, national parks and certain phases of the government of territories.

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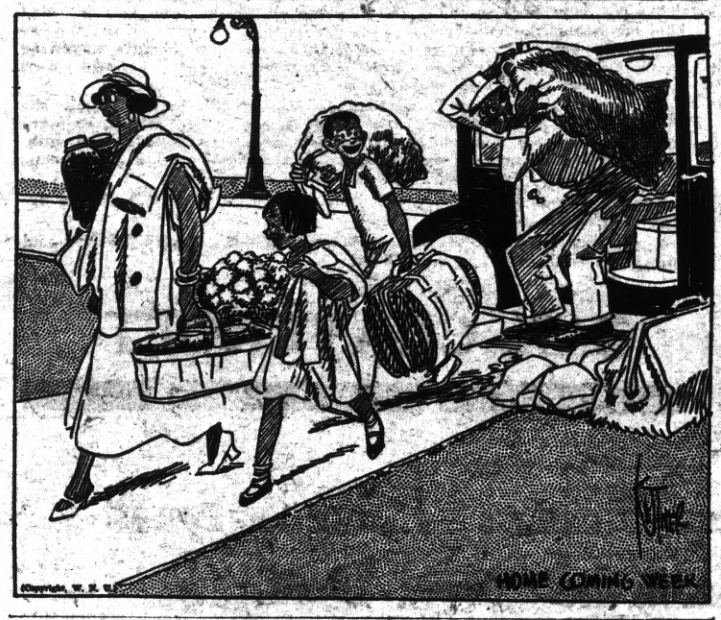
ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

Along the Concrete



ANTICIPATION

"Horace is going to teach me to play cards so that I'll know all about it after we are married."

"That's right. What game is he going to teach you?"

"He proposes solitaire."

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Merchant—Here yer are. Hot dogs! They're ten cents a throw.

Customer—Them little ones are only pups. Gimme a litter.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

SANDWICH VARIETY

THIS is the sandwich season, so we will stock up on a few new ways of preparing them.

Pate de Foie Gras Sandwich

Cook two small goose livers in goose fat until soft, mash them to a paste with three hard-cooked eggs, season with salt, pepper and grated onion. Spread on small thin slices of toast, or serve as a canape.

Mock Pate Sandwich.

Remove the casing from liver sausage, mash to a paste with a little cooked salad dressing. Spread on thinly-sliced, buttered rye bread.

Fried Egg Sandwich.

Cook a little finely minced onion in butter, then turn in an egg and cook until set; season with salt and pepper and place on buttered bread; cover with another slice.

Deviled Egg Sandwich.

Take 12 hard-cooked egg yolks, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of prepared mustard, salt, paprika and three drops of tabasco sauce. Mix all together and blend well: spread on buttered rye or white bread. The whites may be finely chopped and sprinkled over the sandwich if desired.

Chicken and Onion Sandwich.

Take small bits of chicken finely chopped and mix with one-third the quantity of finely minced onion, season with salt and pepper and spread on buttered bread.

Curried Egg Sandwich.

Fry sliced onions in butter, add flour and milk to make a thick cream sauce. Add half a teaspoonful of curry powder and three hard-cooked eggs or more. Spread on buttered bread when cool.

Egg With Mushroom.

Saute a few mushrooms in butter, add chopped hard-cooked egg in proportions to suit the taste, bind with a little sweet cream, season to taste and spread on white buttered bread.

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THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

IT CAN'T HELP WORKING

"IT OCCURS to me," said a happily married woman, "that the remedy for most of the difficulties of married life is the shifting of the focus from oneself to the other person. Even egotists like my husband and I can do it; and it seems to work."

Certainly; why shouldn't it work?

Nobody really wants to bicker and quarrel and hate; everyone really loves peace, it is just a question of the price. Husbands and wives do not want to live a life of dissension, of misunderstanding, of pulling in opposite ways; every man and every woman in marrying envisions a life of two hearts that beat as one, two who live for each other, two against the world. When they cannot achieve this they are not resentful, they are miserable, and deep down within them questioning, like children, why it has to be so.

People who marry depend first of all upon each other for their life's happiness. They do not deliberately destroy it. Why, then, so much destruction in marriage of the thing that counts—why so much dissension—so much pulling in opposite directions—so much heartache—and, finally, hatred? Why?

Because each one thinks he or she is right. Because each sees only one side of the fence—his own needs and desires, his own viewpoint. Whatever goes counter to that is outrage.

Now of course if each could stop for a moment and see the other side of the fence, the other's needs and desires, the other's viewpoint—and the reasons for it—why, each would have no thought and no object but to make the other happy—and both would be happy, and incidentally, there would be no barrier to their remaining lovers.

There is what this woman meant by "shifting of the focus from oneself to the other person." And of course she found it works. It can't help working. It's foolproof.

© 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Peak Is Visible 200 Miles

The great Mount Rainier extends over an area of 100 square miles and looks down on a multitude of smaller peaks. It covers a larger area than any other single peak in America, though its height, 14,408 feet, does not quite equal that of Mount Elbert in Colorado. Its huge bulk and the abrupt rise from its base make it particularly impressive from whatever point it is viewed. It dominates the landscape throughout the state of Washington and for long distances beyond the state border, whenever it is not hidden by intervening hills. It can be seen 200 miles away.

In Black Taffeta

The rustle of taffeta is heard once more in the land. This black taffeta gown has many points in its favor, on sleeves as well as on the double skirt flounces which mount at the front.

India Home of Diamond

India was the original home of the diamond as a jewel. For centuries India remained the sole source of Europe's diamond supply. Diamonds were discovered in Brazil in 1730 and in South Africa in 1867. Now South Africa furnishes 90 per cent of the world's supply.

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Mason at Geary St. San Francisco
Ladies unattended will be delighted with our quiet home-like atmosphere
200 Rooms—200 Baths
Rates—$2.00 Single, $2.50 Double

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N.Y.

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600 Outside Rooms
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Unusually Attractive Rates to Permanent Guests

Hotel Sir Francis Drake—just off Union Square—most convenient to theaters, shops, stores, business and financial district.
Only California hotel offering Servidor feature—thus enabling you to combine "maximum privacy with minimum tipping".
All rooms in the Tower with Western exposure have ultra-violet-ray (sun-bath) windows.
In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.
Dinner in Coffee Shop from 75c up—in Main Dining Room from $1.25 up. Also a la carte service.
Private garage in basement of hotel building with direct elevator service to Lobby and all guest-room floors!
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Richmond NRA Club Wins From Standard Oil Rifle Team

Monday night at the Elk's Club witnessed a cracking good rifle competition in which the Richmond boys were able to best the Standard rifiers. An interesting fact in regard to tthe rifle club is thaat the National Rifle Association of which it is a part has used the initials N. R. A. for more than 50 years.

An Underground Ocean

Scientists believe that below a depth of six miles in the crust of the earth there are no pores or cavities in which water could collect. For this reason it is believed that the underground waters of the earth are all above that level. It is estimated that the total quantity of underground water in the crust of the earth measures about 565,000,000 cubic yards, or nearly one-third the amount of water in the oceans.—Washington Star.

Our perspiring reporter lingered for a moment Monday in the shade of the beautiful and picturesque cliffside arbor where Mrs. Richard Spiersch was entertaining Mrs. John Bisio with an outdoor luncheon. The centerpiece of the table was a beautiful bouquet of roses from the Elk's Lodge sent to Mrs. Spiersch who is recovering from an accident to her foot which has confined her to her home.

Honored on Postage Stamps

A postage stamp was issued in Poland during 1932 bearing a likeness of George Washington. The same stamp also bore likenesses of Pulaski and Kosciuszko. An air-mail stamp bearing the likeness of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was issued in Spain in 1930.

The grape season will soon be here. Plan to have us do your work. On account of the great number of machines we have, we excel in service.

Electric	Presses
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50% FURNITURE SPECIALS 50%

Bedroom Set . . $25.00

Bed, Dresser, Chiffonier

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328 NINETEENTH STREET

Location of Lapland

Lapland is not a separate political entity, but it is a region embracing about 150,000 square miles in northwest Europe, lying partly in Norway, Sweden and Soviet Russia.

Presidents Born Posthumously

Andrew Jackson, President from 1829 to 1837, was born August 15, 1767, a few days after his father's death. Rutherford Birchard Hayes, President from 1877 to 1881, was born October 4, 1822, 76 days after the death of his father.

Consumption of Sugar

Of the 5,500,000 long tons of sugar that is used about 3,665,000 tons is devoted to household use.

The Appian Way

The Appian Way is a famous road built by Appius Claudius in southern Italy in 312 B. C., says Pathfinder Magazine. This great road runs from Rome to Brindisi, a distance of 446 miles. And so well did Appius build his road that a large portion of it is still in use.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Beck of Newark, visited over the week end at the home of Capt. and Mrs. Theodore Beck on Buena Vista Avenue.

"Yellow Dog Contract"

There are different kinds of contracts known by the name of Yellow Dog, but in general this is an agreement between the employer and the employee that the employee will not join a union while he is an employee of the employer, that he will not associate or confer with union labor leaders or union labor members so long as he is in the employ of the employer. There is often also a provision that the employee may not leave, without certain notice to the employer, but that the employee may be dismissed without notice.

Kathryn Garvin and Minnie Knight returned from a pleasureful vacation on the boat from Los Angeles last Tuesday. In the meantime, Howard had surprised Mrs. Knight with a subscription to the Progress. That's what we call bringing joy to everybody, Howard.

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128 Standard Ave.

Phone Rich. 131

Joe Chasseur Ben Farina

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb. 24c

MELROSE STRAWBERRY PRESERVES
11 oz. jar . . . 2 for 23c

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14 oz. bottle . . . 2 for 25c

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
1 lb. can 25c

FREE 1 cakepan with each purchase

PUREX Quarts . . . 9c

SNOWDRIFT 1 lb. tins 17c

Monterey Cream Cheese
LB. 15c

POTATOES Burbank
Medium size . . . . 29c box

Rights reserved to limit quantity

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CHOICE MEATS

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Thanks!

I want to take this means of thanking all of my many customers who have patronized me during the past three and one-half years at the WEST SIDE GARAGE.

I have sold my business to Kenneth W. Koht who has handled the mechanical work for me for over three years. Ken "knows his stuff" (he has been at it since 1910) and can handle anything from the highly finished body and fender work to the most intricate and technical motor jobs.

He is going to spend considerable money to further equip the shop. And I will consider it a great favor if my old customers and any other of you Point Richmond people will patronize him. He is a good, clean-cut, square shooter and he knows his business. If you try him ONCE you will try him again!

Ken is a world war veteran, and spent about two years overseas in the air service.

Again thanking all of you and wishing all of you health and happiness—and don't forget Ken!

B. N. CRAYCROFT

Let Every Business - Large or Small Join in the "New Deal!"

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WE DO OUR PART

Perasso Brothers & Co.

Has adopted the President's Re-employment Agreement.

We have changed our hours of labor so that we can employ more men to give greater service.

Let's all do our part to make Richmond the "White Spot of the West."